

WON BY "WIRELESS"

By William Wallace Cook

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"WIRELESS" telegraphy, gentlemen, is all very well—it is the coming system, I suppose—but there are other wireless ways of shooting war thoughts across an abyss of space that will never be entirely sidetracked by this invention."

The young fellow over in one corner of the smoking compartment roused himself with the genial laugh of a man who might become a raconteur if pressed. Several tedious hours lay before us, and such a pay streak could not be allowed to go undeveloped.

"Do you remember the strike of the telegraph operators on that jerk water Arizona road last spring?" the young man proceeded after a little urging. "Among those who walked out were three young easterners who had jollied each other over the wire until they had become pretty well acquainted."

"That strike became a lockout, and the road brought in a lot of young women operators to take the places of



HE GAVE HER PERSONAL INSTRUCTION.

the men. Now, what do you suppose an outfit of husky strikers could do after that?"

"Their native chivalry prevented anything like intimidation, so they bowed to the inevitable, and those who did not emigrate to other parts turned their hands to the first thing that offered. The three young easterners I have already mentioned found employment at the North Star mine, six miles across the Hunsayampa valley from the town of Panout."

"One of them, a handy fellow by the name of Gene Leavitt, had a working knowledge of the steam engine and secured a job as engineer in the stamp mill."

"Tom Morrissey, the second of the trio, went to work in the superintendent's office as timekeeper and general utility man, and Myrtle Bennett, the third of the lot, was allowed to try his hand as underforeman."

"It was a wearisome change from accustomed duties at the telegraph key, but before the three friends had been long at the mine the situation was found to have its amenities."

"The young lady who had usurped Bennett's place at Panout was a bit of femininity who might be referred to as a 'dream' without jarring the sensibilities of the purist who takes issue with so trite an expression. She was from the east, too, and possessed a pair of blue eyes that eventually played havoc with all Panout, say nothing of the surrounding country and the camp at the North Star."

"The three locked out strikers all displayed an unmistakable interest in the Panout operator, but fortune seemed to favor Bennett. There were certain details connected with her duties at the station which Miss Bradley—Nita Bradley was the new operator's name—found it difficult to comprehend, and Bennett used to ride over evenings and give her personal instruction."

"At that time the North Star camp was short of live stock, so much so that there was only one horse to be had for love or money. When Bennett didn't have the horse it was a safe guess that the animal was in the hands of Leavitt or Morrissey or Nate Beals."

"Beals was the superintendent and had also struck his colors to the Panout operator. As he became further and further involved he displayed a mercenary spirit and refused firmly to grant either of his three rivals a layoff during working hours."

"The weeks wore on and the wooing of Miss Bradley developed into a game of checkmate. Eternal vigilance was to be the price of success, it seemed, and each of the quartet made it his business to watch the others and back-up any design that might lead to an advantage."

"Morrissey's ingenuity evolved a ma-

chine that filled the others with despair. It was a crude heliograph, which he perched on the side of the mountain and utilized for flashing dots and dashes of budding affection across the valley."

"Beals took occasion to perfect himself in the Morse alphabet and would station himself in a convenient spot from which the heliograms might be read; then when Morrissey strolled back, with his tripod under one arm and his mirror under the other, the super used to meet him at the office door and mince over his tender messages."

"After this sort of thing had been going on for a week or ten days Leavitt began tooting his own version of the old, old story on the mill whistle. On still days the sound easily carried across the valley, and as there were fully as many still days as cloudless ones the siren had the heliograph tied in the race for Miss Bradley's favor."

"Often the flashing and the tooting were going at the same time, so that the young lady in the railroad station must have been at sixes and sevens keeping track of the two and incidentally attending to her office calls. Ultimately Beals shut down on the use of the whistle for anything but official business, and Leavitt used to lean out of the engine room window and gnash his teeth over the loveless heliograms that twinkled from the mountain side."

"What means Bennett was taking meanwhile to keep abreast of his rivals did not appear, but nearly every night rockets of various colors transcribed parabolas in the air from the direction of Panout."

"While far from certain that Miss Bradley had anything to do with the rockets, nevertheless Beals and Morrissey and Leavitt were not a little worried to account for them. Here was a code entirely distinct from the Morse alphabet, and the gentlemen in question were completely in the dark."

"Affairs were in this unsatisfactory condition for some time, and then a bit of news fell into the camp like a dynamite bomb, spreading demoralization among the four whose aspirations clustered about the Panout station. Miss Bradley was to be transferred to Antelope Springs and was to leave that day by an evening train."

"Leavitt, Morrissey and Bennett stampeded to the house of the man who owned the horse, only to learn that the animal had already been secured by Beals. Then followed another stampede in the direction of the office, where the super was just mounting for a ride to town. Three requests for a layoff were summarily refused, and Beals spurred triumphantly away."

"The super's rifle lay across his horse in front of him. He was going to Panout, he explained, to have the resident gunsmith overhaul the Winchester."

"Beals was no more than well out of the camp before the insubordinate mill whistle set up its clamor. Drawing rein, the super spelled out the long and short sounds that answered for dots and dashes:

"W-I-L-L-Y-O-U-B-E-M-Y?"

"Slipping to the ground, he laid his rifle across the saddle and took careful aim at the whistle. He was a crack shot, and after he had pulled trigger the resonant note from the mill had dropped into a wheezy undertone that hardly crossed the camp limits."

"Barely had the super accomplished this stroke when the glare of the heliograph struck across his eyes. 'Nita, before you go will you promise to be my—'

"Beals swerved the muzzle of his Winchester in the direction of the blazing point on the slope and fired. The blazing point vanished, and he knew he had smashed the mirror and put the heliograph out of the running."

"Chuckling to himself, Beals remounted and rode complacently on to



THE SUPER USED TO MEET HIM AT THE OFFICE DOOR.

the Panout station. Miss Bradley was on the station platform, sitting on a box of outgoing freight. She was looking toward the North Star mine through a pair of powerful binoculars."

"Miss Bradley," said Beals, "is it true you have been transferred to Antelope Springs?"

"It is," she answered, still using the binoculars."

"And you are going this evening?"

"Possibly."

"I have ridden over here to ask you a question, Miss Bradley. You surely are not blind to the feeling I cherish toward you—"

"Not blind," she broke in, remaining wrapped up in something she saw at the North Star, "but scarcely what you would call responsive."

"Won't you let me finish?" he pleaded,

finding it hard to have his hopes dashed before he had fairly stated his case."

"Did you allow Mr. Leavitt to finish? Or Mr. Morrissey?"

"Beals gasped. 'What do you know about that?' he inquired."

"Mr. Bennett informed me."

"Bennett? Why, he—"

"Take the binoculars," said she, looking at him with a radiant smile."

"He took the glasses, and across the valley, on a white scarp of the mountain opposite, he saw Myrtle Bennett wiggling a message with a white flag. Then a great light dawned upon Beals."

"Will you tell me how long this has been going on?" he asked, as he returned the binoculars."

"Well," Miss Bradley acknowledged, "it antedates the heliograph and the mill whistle. If there is a blue rocket in the sky about 1:30 tonight you and



HE TOOK THE GLASSES.

Mr. Leavitt and Mr. Morrissey will please accept my sincere regrets, together with assurances of my sisterly regard."

"No doubt she would have said more, but at that moment a call from the dispatcher came clicking out to her through the open window of the telegraph office, and she flitted away from the astounded Beals."

"Well," and here our raconteur sighed and lighted a fresh cigar, "the rocket was blue, and I'm on my way to Denver to buy something real nice in the silver line as a wedding present for Bennett and Miss Bradley. The three who were shut out are in on the deal. My name is Leavitt," he added."

His Story Was True.

"Here's a cup I got in Morocco," said the enthusiastic tourist, showing his collection of souvenirs. "You see it has an Arabic inscription."

His friend was turning the cup curiously around. At length he remarked dryly:

"Yes, the inscription is Arabic all right."

"Sure!" replied the returned tourist, a little miffed at the intimation of a possible doubt."

"You can read it better if you turn the cup upside down," suggested the friend, and, sitting the action to the word, he showed the tourist that the mysterious characters were nothing more than "1903" engraved in rough, irregular figures on the metal."

"The rascal!" exclaimed the outraged collector. "He told me that it was an Arabic inscription when he sold it to me!"

"He told you nothing more than the truth," was the reply. "You forget that our numerals are Arabic."

But somehow from that moment the collector lost interest in the souvenir from Morocco.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It Cured Him.

An elderly man once consulted Sir William Gull, the eminent physician, about stomach complaints, but there was a formidable obstacle to diagnosis in the patient being deaf."

"What do you have for dinner?" roared Sir William into his right ear."

"Oh, no," was the reply; "plenty of that—two miles regularly after breakfast and two more before dinner."

"How long do you lie abed of a morning?"

"Well, doctor, I shall be sixty-nine this day three weeks."

Without further parley the doctor gave him some simple prescription. At the door the man turned round and in the loud, rattling tones of one very deaf called out:

"Doctor, can you cure deafness?"

Sir William shook his head and made his lips express "No."

"I thought so. You've been very kind to me, therefore I make you welcome to this prescription," which he pulled from his pocket, adding, "It cured me."—London Graphic.

Butter In Holland.

In various parts of Holland are "butter control stations," which are described in detail by the agricultural editors. A chemist is at the head of each station, with a staff of analysts under him. Inspectors, instructed by the chemist, unexpectedly visit dairies, stores, creameries, etc., and collect samples of butter and all materials used in it. These samples are analyzed, and the results are registered, so that the officials connected with the "control" know almost exactly what the chemical composition is of the butter at each creamery, etc., and at any time of the year.

The Steam Schooner.

The steam schooner, a vessel whose build and habits are peculiar to the Pacific, often goes to sea "with her load line over her hatch," which means that after her hold has been crammed with cargo a deckload of lumber is piled halfway up the masts, so that her skipper puts out with the water washing over his main deck and an occasional lumber frisking across his battened bulwarks. Along the harbor front of Seattle runs the story of a passenger who leaped down to the wharf in a hurry to get aboard a departing steam schooner. He balanced himself on the straddlepiece for an instant, looked down at what little he could see of the laden craft and hove his grip down the only opening in sight. He was about to dive after it when a lounge on the wharf shouted: "Hi, there! Where do you think you're jumping to? That's the smoke-stack you tossed your baggage down."

"Rats!" gasped the passenger. "I thought it was the hatch."—Outing Magazine.

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

Women Obtain Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Help.

She Has Guided Thousands to Health.—How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Mrs. Alice Berryhill.



It is a great satisfaction for a woman to feel that she can write to another telling her the most private and confidential details about her illness, and know that her letter will be seen by a woman only.

Many thousands of cases of female diseases come before Mrs. Pinkham every year, some personally, others by mail. Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years under her direction and since her decease she has been advising sick women free of charge.

Mrs. Pinkham never violates the confidence of women, and every testimonial letter published is done so with the written consent or request of the writer, in order that other sick women may be benefited as she has been.

Mrs. Alice Berryhill, of 313 Boyce Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "Three years ago life looked dark to me. I had ulceration and inflammation of the female organs and was in a serious condition. My health was completely broken down and the doctor told me that if I was not operated upon I would die within six months. I told him I would have no operation but would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. He tried to influence me against it but I sent for the medicine that same day and began to use it faithfully. Within five days I felt relief but was not entirely cured until I used it for some time. I have induced several friends and neighbors to take it and I know more than a dozen who had female troubles and who to-day are as well and strong as I am from using your Vegetable Compound."

Just as surely as Mrs. Berryhill was cured, will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure every woman suffering from any form of female illa.

If you are sick write Mrs. Pinkham for advice. It is free and always helpful.

Catspaw Customers.



The story of the monkey who used the cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, finds new illustrations daily. When a dealer sells a customer a substitute for Mennen's Borated Talcum, he does so because the substitute pays him a bigger profit. He makes the customer his catspaw to rake in a few extra dollars.

It is not pleasant to be made a catspaw, especially when you pay for the opportunity of being injured. Is it not foolish to pay for the opportunity to use inferior imitations of Mennen's Borated Talcum, the standard powder of the world? Think it over.

Have you tried Mennen's Violet Borated Talcum Toilet Powder? Ladies partial to violet perfume will find Mennen's Violet Powder fragrant with the odor of fresh plucked Parma violets.

For sale everywhere for 25 cents, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price, by GERHARD MENNEN CO., Nev. Ark, N. J.

A Fellow Feeling. "I beg of you not to judge me harshly," said the new acquaintance, "although my disposition may seem to you to be soured. You may not believe it, but I was once much better off."

"Of course I understand what you mean," replied Henpeck. "I'm married myself."—Detroit Free Press.

The Way of Servants. "I see Bilkins has come out as a candidate for governor," said Subbuba.

"Yes," replied Citiman; "he has announced that it's his ambition to be the servant of the people."

"Servant? What! Doesn't he mean to keep the place if he gets it?"—Philadelphia Press.

Explanation. Her—I can't understand why Mildred has so many admirers. She neither plays nor sings.

Him—That's the answer.—Chicago News.

Lost—One Motor Car.



"Seen a motor car down the hill anywhere, boy?"

"No, but I seen four rubber rings in a 'eap o' scrap iron."—Tattler.

Her Little Joke. She found her last year's bathing suit while cleaning up her flat. And playfully remarked, "This year I won't be seen in that."

Her friend held up the frail, wee thing—"Oh, you'll be seen, dear Lil. In that all right (a pause)—at least. 'Three-quarters of you will!'" —F. P. Pitzer in New York Press.

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Your Field

IS OUR FIELD, AND WE COVER IT. Our field is the district tributary to the mouth of the Columbia River. We penetrate into all the outlying districts, into lumber camps and isolated neighborhoods. The business of these places belongs to you, and it is worth going after... Space in THE MORNING ASTORIAN is reasonable; contract for some and let these outsiders know that you are still in business at the old stand. You may have a "grouch" but that won't get business; forget it. Let the people know what you have to sell; they may "forget" or have "forgotten"

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